

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

It is always pleasant to elicit intelligent criticism. Most that goes by that name is not of the character that may properly be so described. This, however, is criticism of another order. I print Mr. Mitchiner's letter and offer some remarks.

MATERIALISATION.

SIR,—Are we not travelling a little too fast? In the phenomenon of materialisation we acknowledge dealing with a psychic fact in absolute ignorance of its nature. We do not know of what the pabulum consists that is employed in the presentment, how it is manipulated, who the manipulator may be, nor the relation, if any, of the objective form constructed to the being it resembles. We do not know how the form is produced, nor what it is when produced.

Finding myself habitually in harmony with your weekly comments in "Notes by the Way," it was not without regret I read the following definite lines on materialisation from your pen:—

"They are, in fact, counterfeit presentments, and they are no more the real beings that they represent, sometimes imperfectly, sometimes with striking accuracy, than are the busts or full figures of celebrated men that occupy the sculpture room at the Royal Academy."

This somewhat sweeping verdict shuts the door to discrimination, and implies that all materialisations (or what the ancient Egyptians described as "the form that goeth forth") are but "counterfeit presentments" having no relation to the individual presented, other than a subjective impression of some mind in or out of the circle.

At the outset I respectfully demur to the use of the term "counterfeit presentment" as applied to the phenomenon, on the ground of our entire ignorance of the producing cause. Have we any right, until we know and understand more about it, to stigmatise the most remarkable phenomenon associated with Spiritualism, as "counterfeit"; in other words, nothing more than an exhibition of psychic marionettes, in which an unknown operator plays the fool with the deepest yearnings of the human heart? That the forms are "presentments" of some kind there can be no doubt, but should we use the adjective "counterfeit" until we know what they are? Certainly not, in my opinion, in its ordinary sense, or without qualification. So long as that prefix implies, necessarily, conscious, or intentional, *deception* (it matters not whether applied to medium or spirit), I do not think we are justified in describing materialisations as "counterfeit presentments."

And should we not have much more definite, and carefully tested, evidence before assuming as a fact that the *will* of the sitters, or a particular sitter, strongly exercised, may become an active principle in the modification of the phantom form? I do not for one moment deny its possibility, but I look in vain for evidence of systematic and carefully recorded experiment such as would alone justify so important a conclusion.

Our subject (probably more than any other) has suffered in the past from hasty conclusions put forth from imperfect premises. In the reconstruction now in progress let us try to prevent theoretical steeds from getting the bit between their teeth. In this direction, you, Mr. Editor, have done yeoman service.

J. H. MITCHINER, F.R.A.S.

Croydon. December 21st, 1890.

First of all it seems to me that we are not "travelling a little too fast," for the obvious reason that we are not

making any progress at all. I know no more about the method or methods by which materialised forms are produced at the present moment than I did when I first saw them. Moreover if I were to offer an opinion, I should say that the earlier efforts were much more successful than the later. Mr. Mitchiner complains that I call these figures or forms "counterfeit presentments." Well, Shakespeare's words may pass for what I meant to say. I intended to imply that these apparently living and breathing human forms were not really what they pretended or seemed to be. I certainly did not desire to "stigmatise" what I have spent some years in studying. But I think that Spiritualists have rather assumed that these forms were the reproduction *pro hac vice* of their departed friends: electrotyped (as I say) images of the dead: i.e., that the soul of the departed animates these transient bodies and is within them, "informing" them, and energising them. I want to know what ground there is for any such belief. I want least of all to "shut the door to discrimination."

But let us look facts squarely in the face. What do we know about these "psychic marionettes" as Mr. Mitchiner calls them? Nothing whatever. I have seen the (apparently) living and breathing form of a beautiful woman over a table, where her complete form could not possibly be placed. I have seen masks, death-like and repulsive in appearance, and have wondered whether they are "counterfeit presentments" of a reality existing elsewhere, or mere pieces of work, done I do not know how, but rather badly done, which cause me surprise or even amazement. The term used by me, for which Shakespeare is responsible and not I, though I applied it, seems to me quite appropriate. I do not find in Mr. Mitchiner's arguments any reason to revise that opinion. I incline to the view that these temporarily energised "marionettes" are the product of a creative will which can make them what it pleases. And I ask my readers to tell me what evidence of the identity of anyone can come from any of these "presentments."

It is only by the friction that comes of thought that we can hope for light. Let us look at facts. Is there any doubt in the mind of anyone who knows what he is talking of that these materialised forms occur beyond any possibility of doubt? And is there anyone who has seen these forms over and over again who will put a reasonable and intelligible explanation of the way in which they are produced which a plain man can understand? In proportion to my increasing acquaintance with Spiritualism I am disposed to ask questions about what originally afforded me amusement or the gratification of curiosity. The world has gone on chiefly on the assertions of people who do not know what they are talking about. It is usually regenerated by the people who pick those opinions apieces.

As to the formative will of the sitter I am not sure. I argue from facts to conclusions. We have definite proof that a clearly cut idea in the mind of a given person can

be translated into act on the part of a person who is in *rappor*t with him. That is admitted. Well, a step further. We have a medium who is the avenue between this world and another. This person translates into words or acts what is conveyed from the world beyond. In some cases it is a message from the "dead"; in some cases it is a sight of them: in some cases it is a hearing of their old voice—how does the sound come to the ear?—in some cases it is a phantom form on a sensitised plate: and in others it is apparently a flesh and blood creature, how produced, in what way to be reckoned with, I should be very glad to be told. The agency at work seems to be operative in various degrees of efficiency, as we regard the matter. The more solid the result the more it remains in evidence, and the more "real" we regard it. But, these things being what they are, one may ponder on what they mean. Is will a creative power? I have seen a solid object raised by an effort of will. Perhaps I should say that the apparent effect succeeded the effort. We are not now willing to admit that spirits know anything, but they *do* say that will-power is the great spirit-force. I have never yet been able to get any information as to the way in which puzzling things were done beyond that more puzzling "will-power."

The objection in my mind is that most of the things done are done when the only objective agent is in a state of as perfect passivity as can be attained. There is no exercise of will in ordinary mediumship. The instrument is passive, and the acts must come from external agency. The difficulty we are all in is that we all know nothing about it. Whether in some cases the formative power resides in the "man who has his eyes open," the Balaam of the twentieth century, a dim and blurred foreshadowing of the near future; or whether it be an impact on us from the world that is so little known and that may be so near to us who can tell? It is better to confess ignorance than to assume knowledge that one does not possess.

With the criticism that Mr. Mitchiner passes upon me it will be seen that I am in general assent, and I welcome any such remark on what I say. We have suffered—we Spiritualists—from unstable expression of opinion, "from hasty conclusions put forth from imperfect premises." The conclusions, I imagine, are alleged to be imperfect. But I think, myself, that both premises and conclusions are imperfectly conceived and understood. I leave the argument, which I initiated, on the ground of the wayfaring man who looks for instruction to anyone who will give it. For I am very sure that the great future in store for a new subject, which has too often had the misfortune to fall into the hands of charlatans and those who regard it as a sort of happy hunting ground for speculation, as well as the fortune of falling into the grasp of some people who are trying to understand it and growing to appreciate it, is one very great indeed. In the coming time it will be dominant. In the present it is very potent as a factor of thought.

Think of the present and dream of the past. At the present moment my table is littered with evidence that the old, dry bones of Materialism are rattling their death-roll. There is no life in the voice of this Materialism that goes about peeping at this new Spiritualism, wondering what it may mean, and now and again coyly hiding its head because of the audacity of the new claimant on approval. "The old order changeth giving place to new." There is never any severance between one phase of opinion and its successor; but one grows out of the other, and there is an orderly development. I am so conscious of my own inability to predict the future that I would not willingly take on me the garb of the prophet. But it requires no prophetic eye to see that the

future of Spiritualism, as it is now being made by those who make it, is a muddle now and is likely to give our successors in the next generation little cause to bless their predecessors. The other side of the shield—the bright aspect—is that people are beginning to *think* about the whole tangled question.

COINCIDENCES.

No. XVIII.

We are indebted to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" (Chicago, U.S.A.) for the following cases. They are printed in no consecutive order, nor with any attempt at classification, but are simply taken, with due acknowledgment, from the source named.

Alexander Gilchrist, in his "Life of William Blake," the artist poet, says (Vol. 1., p. xiii):—

At the age of fourteen, the drawing school of Mr. Pars, in the Strand, was exchanged for the shop of engraver Basire, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. There had been an intention of apprenticing Blake to Ryland, a more famous man than Basire; an artist of genuine talent and even genius, who had been well educated in his craft; had been a pupil of Ravnet, and after that (among others) of Boucher, whose stipple manner he was the first to introduce into England. With a view of securing the teaching and example of so skilled a hand, Blake was taken by his father to Ryland; but the negotiation failed. The boy himself raised an unexpected scruple. The sequel shows it to have been a singular instance—if not of absolute prophetic gift or second sight at all events—of natural intuition into character and power of forecasting the future from it, such as is often the endowment of temperaments like this. In after life, this involuntary faculty of reading hidden writing continued to be a characteristic. "Father," said the strange boy after the two had left Ryland's studio, "I do not like the man's face; it looks as if he will live to be hanged!"

Appearances were at that time utterly against the probability of such an event. Ryland was then at the zenith of his reputation. He was engraver to the King, whose portrait (after Ramsay) he had engraved, receiving for his work an annual pension of £200. An accomplished and agreeable man, he was the friend of the poet Churchill and others of distinguished rank in letters and society. His manners and personal appearance were peculiarly prepossessing, winning the spontaneous confidence of those who knew or even casually met him. But twelve years after this interview, the unfortunate artist got into embarrassments, committed a forgery on the East India Company—and the prophecy was fulfilled.

This, too, is curious:—

Several years ago, and simultaneously with the appearance of Tennyson's "Harold," a volume was brought out by Lippincott, of Philadelphia, written by William Leighton, Jun., a young glassmaker of Wheeling, W. Va., bearing the title of "The Sons of Godwin," and having for its events and characters the same as those employed by Tennyson in his poem. The coincidence was the most remarkable that has ever been known in literary annals. Mr. Leighton's work attracted peculiar attention and some critics went so far as to say that portions of it were not inferior in strength and expression to the best passages of the drama of the Laureate.

A similar story is told in connection with Mr. Howells' "Dr. Breen's Practice," which was first published as a serial in the "Atlantic Monthly." It seems that a Boston lady contributed to the magazine, after "Dr. Breen's Practice" was put in type, a short story that so much resembled that of Mr. Howells' that he felt it necessary to call upon the lady and explain the situation of affairs in order that no charge of plagiarism might be preferred against him. He showed her the proof-sheets of his story and perfectly satisfied her that the similarity was another of those strange coincidences which have from time to time occurred in the literary world.

Another coincidence of a literary nature may be of some interest at this time. It is stated on good authority that Mrs. Burnett—whose recent dramatisation of her charming story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has aroused so much interest—received, not long since, a letter from the real "last Lord Fauntleroy," as he styles himself, in which that nobleman, after giving a description of himself, says that he is an unmarried gentleman, the last of his line, and asked how it was that the authoress pitched on that name of all others. He concludes by extending to Mrs. Burnett a cordial invitation to visit the Fauntleroy estate in England.

This is amusing at any rate:—

A somewhat odd coincidence is related in regard to one of Dickens's most entertaining characters. A traveller, stopping at a little village near Dover in Kent, had his attention attracted by a broad shouldered, genial Englishman, in every line of whose rubicund face the word "jolly" was patent. Hearing him addressed as "Tapley," a mischievous impulse, too strong to be resisted, urged our traveller to address him and inquire if this was Mr. Mark Tapley. His surprise may be imagined, when in the richest of South England tones, the answer came forth: "The same, at your service, sir." What made the coincidence still more striking was the fact that that man had actually been in America, and was overheard condemning the country with true British fervour.

This points a moral. It is Fenimore Cooper who tells the story and the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" that reproduces it:—

A wealthy merchant in Connecticut devised a notable scheme to give a fatal blow to the superstition of Friday being an unlucky day. He caused the keel of a very large ship to be laid on Friday; he named her "The Friday"; he launched her on a Friday; he gave the command of her to a captain whose name was Friday, and she commenced her first voyage on a Friday, bound for China with a costly cargo; and in all respects she was one of the noblest and best appointed ships that ever left the port. The result was, neither ship nor crew was ever heard of afterwards. Thus his well meant plan, so far from showing the folly of superstition, only confirmed seamen in their belief.

A remarkable case of mistaken identity was recently related by Attorney Paschal Coggins before the Medical Jurisprudence Society in Philadelphia, as having come under his personal observation. Two men—John A. Mason, of Boston, and John A. Mason, of Illinois—left their respective homes and went to California in search of health and wealth. They were both wagon makers. One left a wife and two sons in Boston, and the other a wife and two daughters in Illinois. The Boston wife heard nothing of her husband after three years' absence, and twenty years later heard of the death of John A. Mason, a wagon maker. She brought suit for his property, his photograph was identified by twenty witnesses, but at the last moment the Illinois wife turned up and proved that the man was her husband, and the later development showed that the Boston pioneer died alone and friendless.

James Grant, in his "Rise and Progress of Superstition," says:—

Dryden put faith in judicial astrology and used to calculate the nativity of his children. On the birth of his son Charles, he caused the exact minute of his coming into the world to be noted. He calculated the child's nativity, and observed with grief that he was born in an evil hour; for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun were all under the Earth, and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn. Dryden told his friends that if the child lived to the eighth year he would narrowly escape a violent death on his very birthday; but if he should then overleap danger, he would in his twenty-third year be under the same influence; and if he should escape the second time, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year would prove fatal. The boy's eighth birthday was looked forward to with great anxiety by his parents. On the dreaded day Dryden, with the view of keeping him indoors and away from danger, gave him a double exercise in Latin. Charles was complying

with his father's command, when a stag pursued was seen making toward the house. The noise reached the servants' ears and they rushed out to see the chase. A man-servant seized Charles by the hand, and took him out with him. Just as they reached the gate, the stag, being at bay, made a bold rush and leaped over the court wall, which, being old and low, the dogs followed, threw down a part thereof, and the unfortunate boy was buried in the ruins. He was much bruised, so that he was six weeks in a dangerous state. In the twenty-third year of the son's age he was at Rome, where he fell from an old tower belonging to the Vatican, which so greatly injured his head that he never fully recovered from the accident. In his thirty-fourth year he was bathing in the Thames with another gentleman, when he was seized with cramp while in the water, and drowned before assistance could reach him.

Some of the coincidences connected with late Presidents of the United States are exceedingly curious. The following, though not, perhaps, particularly remarkable, is worthy of mention, and is not without its moral:—

In a little village some twelve miles distant from Cleveland, Ohio, there lived, some thirty years ago, two very attractive girls. To one of these ex-President Hayes became a suitor, but the parents of the young lady vigorously opposed the courtship on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughter's future. The match was broken off and the lady is to-day married and well-known in Cleveland society. The other young lady had received many attentions from young Garfield, and was quite disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as a reason for their opposition the poverty of Garfield and the anything but bright prospects of his future. The chief coincidence of these courtships consists in the fact that Bedford, where both these young ladies lived, contained at the time less than 500 inhabitants, and both refused two future Presidents of the United States because of their poverty.

Coincidences relating to President Garfield are particularly numerous. One of the earliest related is that on the day of his nomination for the Presidency, and at almost the very moment of absolute time that the nomination was made—allowing for the difference in longitude between Washington and Chicago—a magnificent bald eagle was discovered above Franklin Park, which fronts the residence at that time occupied by General Garfield and family when in Washington. The eagle, after circling round the Park several times, suddenly swooped down, and alighted on the Garfield mansion. Mr. Rose, who had been for some years stenographer for General Garfield, was at that time temporarily occupying the dwelling. The occurrence was first noticed by one of his children, who was playing in the yard, and who ran in to call the attention of the family to the striking spectacle. Before the eagle rose from its strange perch, a dozen people had noticed and commented upon it. An old Roman would have seen in this an augury of the most inspiring character. To Americans it was at least a singular coincidence.

It will be remembered as a peculiar coincidence by many people that on the evening of the day on which President Garfield was shot a strange band of light—probably caused by electricity, but unlike anything often seen—appeared in the sky. It took the form of a sword to many observers, and seemed both broad and solid. This belt extended across the zenith in a direction from south-east to north-west. The phenomenon was commented on by numbers who witnessed it, and the fact of its occurring so near the time when the President received his death wound made a deep impression. It is singular that a similar appearance also marked the day of the removal of Garfield from Washington to Long Branch.

The result of the last Presidential election gives an added interest to the odd coincidence discovered several years ago, that the letter "n" appears in the name of every President who has been elected and served a full term, with the single exception of President Hayes, whose manner of election doubtless accounts for the discrepancy, as his opponent's

name possessed the fortunate letter. To go a step further, it is a no less curious fact that every man so elected had the first letter of the alphabet in his name, and to this rule President Hayes was no exception. The full signification of these letters may therefore be interpreted as "acceptable nominees."

Judge Kumler's jury returned a verdict for the defendant in the case of O'Connell v. The Brush Electric Light Company, wherein damages were sought for the death of the plaintiff's son by coming in contact with one of the defendant's wires at Harris's Theatre. The accident was due to a rare combination of circumstances—the rubbing off by a speaking-tube of a small piece of insulation from one of the defendant's wires; the accidental touching of this exposed spot by a bell wire; the taking by the plaintiff of this bell wire in his hand, and at the same instant his happening to form a "ground" by touching with his other hand some other conductor (probably a gas pipe) leading to the earth. The Electric Light Company claimed that there was no negligence on their part for an accident due to a series of conditions so unusual, and the jury seem to have taken the same view.

The celebrated case of Jacob Kuhl against ex-Sheriff John Rugee and his deputy, James Greeding, for alleged false imprisonment, is noteworthy. Over a year ago a jury gave Kuhl 5,000dol. damages against the Sheriff and his deputy for false imprisonment. The interesting feature of this case was the remarkable resemblance established between Kuhl and the notorious outlaw Lon Williams, who escaped from the authorities on Northern Wisconsin.

Kuhl made his appearance in Milwaukee in the summer of 1881, and, as was proved, came from the vicinity from which Williams had escaped a short time before. Kuhl's appearance indicated that he had been tramping and hiding. Deputy Sheriff Greeding, who had a carefully prepared description of Williams, espied Kuhl one day on the street, and concluded that he was the notorious outlaw and murderer. Various marks tallied, even to a front tooth with a corner knocked off, which had once been built up with gold. The Joliet prison officials wrote that Williams had two scars on one hand, one across the back of the hand and one on the thumb. Both these were found on the man held here. They also wrote that Williams had two bullet marks on his back. Two marks, apparently made from bullets, were found on the back of the "victim of circumstances."

When Kuhl, after being threatened with mob violence under the certainty that he was Williams, and after a three days' trial for vagrancy remarkable in itself for length and bitterness of the legal fight, finally secured his release as a victim of mistaken identity, he brought suit against the Sheriff for false imprisonment, and secured a verdict of 5,000dol. Owing to the remarkable coincidences and the strong grounds the officers had for the arrest and detention, Attorney W. C. Williams, then district attorney, and others interested agreed in favour of a new trial, and this was granted by Judge Gresham. There is no more remarkable case on record.

The chief evidence that resulted in Kuhl's being cleared was given by a doctor, who testified to having amputated the great toe on Williams's right foot. When he examined Kuhl's right foot he found the toe intact, while he had Williams's toe in a bottle. This seemed to be the only difference between the two men, and it saved Kuhl's neck doubtless. Williams's brother, arrested at the same time as Lon, was summarily disposed of by a mob, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was "that he fell down the court-house steps and broke his neck."

John A. Stevens, a well-known actor and manager, recently found himself in a curious position. He was summoned to appear in the Supreme Court chambers to show cause why he should not pay large arrears of alimony to his first wife, an actress well known throughout the country as Miss Lottie Church. At the same hour he was summoned to appear before Referee Ives to answer certain questions propounded to him by his second wife, Emily Lytton, alias May Bacchus, from whom he sought a divorce. The complication is one of the most remarkable on record.—A New York despatch, October, 1888.

There alighted shortly before one o'clock from a Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul train, at the Western-avenue depot, a small party of travel-stained men just reaching home after completing one of the longest and most remarkable trips ever undertaken in the interest of justice.

This little party was composed of A. J. Stone, Alderman J. J. Badenoch, Detective Benjamin Williams of the Central Office, and Officer James McDonald of Desplaines-street Station.

Exactly three weeks ago yesterday at nine o'clock p.m., these four men, accompanied by a young man, left Chicago for Minneapolis, hot, as they supposed, on the trail of William Tascott, the murderer of Amos J. Snell. The clue given to the police and Mr. A. J. Stone was of such a positive nature, the source so reliable, and the description given of the suspected party tallied so accurately with that of Tascott, both as to his personal appearance, his habits, his walk, even his handwriting, that not a shadow of a doubt remained in Mr. Stone's mind that at last they were on the track of the fugitive. The chase began.

From Chicago into the snow-bound prairies of Manitoba and the North-West, through the pine forest of British Columbia, into Vancouver, across the Rocky Mountains, by rail, by water, by sleigh, and by coach, the little party travelled, day and night, almost without resting.

And at last, after having travelled nearly 9,000 miles, they found their man—but it was not Tascott.

"Never in my life have I come across so remarkable a case of mistaken identity," said Mr. A. J. Stone. "It was a wonderful coincidence. Same height, same weight, same eyes, hair, manners, habit, language, handwriting—everything. But it was not Tascott."—Chicago "Tribune," March 18th, 1889.

My grandfather, residing on his estate in S—, was sitting near his orchard one day in September watching some men at work on a rick of hay near, when suddenly he caught sight of a bird of bright plumage hovering near him. The men at work also saw the bird, and ran after it trying to catch it, resting a moment on a large tree near, all at once they missed it, the bird disappeared.

My grandfather rose from his seat and walked into his house, saying to his daughter, "My time is come, in a fortnight from this I shall be no more." "Why? dear father," asked the daughter. "Because I have seen the strange bird, always a death signal to the eldest son of our race."

He never left his house again, and died at the time he mentioned, much regretted.

This account was given to me by my father, his eldest son.

M. N.

A NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

"Sonnets and Poems," by Isabella J. Southern, are ready for subscribers at 2s. 6d. Walter Scott, 24, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, is the publisher.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The dear ones who are worthiest of our love
Below, are also worthiest above.
Too lofty is his place in glory now,
For hands like ours to reach and wreath his brow:
A few poor flowers we plant upon his tomb,
Watered with tears to make them breathe and bloom.
The gentle soul that was so long thy ward,
Now hovers over thee, thine Angel-Guard:
And, as thou mourn'st above his dust so dear,
Thy happy Comforter draws smiling near.
Look up, dear friend, our Doves of Earth but rise,
Transfigured into Birds of Paradise.

—GERALD MASSEY in "My Lyrical Life."

THAT souls do not cease to exist, we are led to believe by the conduct of all nations.—CICERO.

DEATH, so-called, can but the form deface. The mortal soul flies out in open space, to seek her fortune in some other place.—OVID.

THE place that God has in the world, the mind has in man. He works upon matter and the mind upon the body. There is nothing improper in endeavouring to ascend from whence we came.—SENECA.

PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

MENTAL IMPRESSION.

Some few years since I was resident at Norwood, and my husband being temporarily absent, I had a young French lady staying with me.

One day I took her to the Crystal Palace to see the fireworks, but when it began to get dusk she said in a very decided, almost rude way, "I shall *not* stay to see the fireworks, I *must* go back, and you *must* go back with me." I remonstrated with her on what appeared a foolish whim, as she could assign no reason whatever for her determination. Friends whom we had met also tried to persuade her to alter her mind, but to no purpose; so, much disappointed on her account, I returned home with her.

The housemaid opened the door to us, and her manner appearing constrained, I said, somewhat sharply, "Where's cook?" "Gone out, ma'am."

"Gone out! How dared she go out when the house was in her charge?" I exclaimed. Mdlle. H. then said, "I smell tobacco smoke; what is the meaning of it?"

While we were thus angrily questioning the servant, a loud rat-tat-tat came at the front door. The housemaid (now deadly pale) rushed forward to open it, but Mdlle. H. intercepted her, saying peremptorily, "I will open it myself," which she did with caution. On the doorstep stood a swell-mob's man. She slammed the door hastily against him, then seizing the alarm-bell rang it loudly. Our neighbours soon came to our help, and the police quickly followed. The house was searched throughout. Some expensive velvet dresses had already been taken out of the house, and in the back kitchen were found my dressing-case, the plate, and other valuables all ready packed for removal.

There is no doubt that had we remained at the Palace, as we had originally intended, a serious robbery would have been committed. S. L.

ANOTHER MENTAL IMPRESSION.

I was playing cards one evening at the house of a friend. There was a timepiece on the mantelshelf, and just a few minutes before a quarter to nine, I found my eyes rivetted to the face of this clock.

The other players urged me to go on, but I said, "No, I cannot, till the hand points to the quarter." A shiver passed through me, though why I felt this peculiar fascination I could not tell.

Two days after I heard that my uncle had passed away at a quarter to nine on the evening of the card party. As far as I knew he was in perfect health; his death was quite sudden.

Greenhill, Weymouth.

S. A. FRAMPTON.

OBJECTIVATION OF A STRONG DESIRE.

In the end of May of the present year, I was spending a few days at a friend's house. On the night of May 31st-June 1st, I was taken ill in the night, and felt a strong desire to be at home (to avoid possible trouble to my hostess). Towards morning I fell into an absolutely dreamless sleep, from which I woke with a great sense of refreshment. I returned home about a fortnight after this incident, and my husband, some days after my return, asked me if anything was happening to me in the night of May 31st, or rather the morning of June 1st. I told him of my illness, and he said that I had on that night come to the foot of his bed and said, "Papa, I have got a chill." "It was not at all like a dream," he said, "but like yourself." He told our servants of it the next morning. I did not myself feel at all as if I had been *anywhere*, but I was so far recovered that I *might* have had an outing. H.

THE KEY AND THE BIBLE.

A friend of mine was visiting a family of the name of B. One of the daughters of the house said that she knew a sure way of telling fortunes, but that she would on no account let the servants know that she practised such an art. She accordingly locked the sitting-room door, then taking two Bibles she placed a door key between the leaves of one of them edgewise, allowing the handle to project, and bound the book up tightly with string. She next found (in the other Bible) two verses in Proverbs, and

asked my friend to read these aloud every time she mentioned a letter of the alphabet. She herself held the key between her two first fingers, and said that when she came to the surname initial of her future husband, the key would turn round and let the book fall. She then began to repeat the alphabet slowly, and at the letter M the key turned right round, and the book fell to the ground. My friend could not believe her own eyes, and asked to try again. They next tried for the Christian initial, and the key fell at the letter E. The young lady afterwards married a gentleman whose initials were E.M., but at that time she had never seen or heard of him.

Can any of your readers instance other cases of this mode of divination, and throw any light on its origin?

C. L. G.

MIND-READING OR WHAT?

Years ago, on my return from Germany, I brought with me the latest fashion "mob-caps," and having the barbaric talent of copying, forthwith set about cutting up a muslin skirt for that purpose. I succeeded to my entire satisfaction. That evening I was going with my mother to the Dalston Association. Standing before the looking-glass, my heart yearned to take a cap with me, and disport before the "Inquirers into Spiritualism," but my mother's quizzical eye arose before me and I fancied I heard her bid me "take that thing off." I put my caps back in the box with a sigh. Soon after the séance commenced, Mr. John Rouse (a good private medium) set up a hearty laugh, excusing himself by declaring that he saw clairvoyantly. "Our young lady friend wearing a sort of great grandmother's cap." "So comical," he thought it looked, "surmounting a fresh young face." "I see another like it on her lap," he went on, and when questioned as to detail, gave an exact description—so far as the masculine mind is capable—of my bewitching "mobs." CAROLINE CORNER.

A SIGN BEFORE DEATH.

To the Editor of the "St. James's Gazette."

SIR,—What do you make of the following curious incident, for the strict accuracy of which I can vouch? Our servant came downstairs on Monday forenoon in a state of panic, declaring to my wife that her mother or some other relative was dead. She declared that while "making the bed" the clock in her room, which had been run down for three days, suddenly struck several times; and added that that was the surest possible sign of a death. My wife had never heard of such a superstition, and asked the girl where she had got such a notion. "Oh," she replied, "everybody knows that that is a sure sign. When my father was drowned, a clock which had been broken for two years all at once began to strike, and in the morning his dead body was found on the beach." My wife tried to cheer the girl and laugh her out of her fear; but she went about the house with a load of care on her and a very grave face. On Wednesday came a letter saying that her only remaining uncle was dead. He had died on Monday morning about the time of the clock incident. The girl had had no news of anybody being ill, but was in fear after she heard the clock strike that she would have bad news of her mother.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. T. C.

December 18th.

[With all due acknowledgment.—ED. "LIGHT."]

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precluded nor promises further notice.]

"Notes on Count Mattei's Electro-Homoeopathic Remedies." By A. S. KENNEDY, L.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Edin.). (Published at 96, Addison-road, W. Price 1s.)

[Eight thousand. Placed on our table for consultation by our friends.—It is evident that our readers desire to know as much as they can of the Mattei remedies, and we desire to assist them. Dr. Kennedy's pamphlet contains a *facsimile* letter from Count Mattei, and it is a perfectly frank and clear statement of the case as on the side of Mattei and against orthodox treatment. We should like to hear from the advocates of orthodoxy.—ED. "LIGHT."]

HAPPINESS grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

EDITED BY 'M. A. (OXON.)'

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1891.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

VITALITY.

It is interesting to note how almost universally from the apparently complex to the apparently simple rather than from the apparently simple to the apparently complex the river of investigation flows. Life, not in its metaphorical, but in its physical, or quasi-physical meaning, seems to us such an every-day business, that its facts are taken for granted, while we wander unsatisfied in the mazes that surround the Unconscious, and try to catch the music of songs attuned to different senses than our own. We do this and are glad to do it, glad that we know ourselves to be something more than the bundle of habits of the pseudo-metaphysician, or the fleeting expression of the godless nothingness of the Comtist. But there is a danger in this, there is a risk of sometimes overlooking things near at hand, which are so commonplace that everybody recognises them. All men, for instance, recognise the fact of gravitation, and no man knows what it means; and all men know that they are alive, and no man knows how. People speak with some assurance of death being simply a change, a new birth, an exchange for the higher life; but who is ready to answer the question, For what is this higher life an exchange? In fact, what is the meaning of our vitality here?

Of this vitality we know two facts above all others that it ebbs and flows, and that it can be transferred. Now, the ebbing and flowing, if it can be shown to be rhythmic, points to some form of vibratory motion; the transference points to some form of conduction. Of regular annual and diurnal variation presumably most men are convinced. That the darkest hour is just before the dawn is true for most of us; the hour when men's vitality so ceases that they often die; being ill is also the hour when, if men think about their worries, those worries appear worse than at any other time. Moreover, if we watch ourselves we become conscious of periodical daily revivals of energy at certain hours, and this, too, independent of the supply of that energy derivable from food. Of the annual recrudescence of vitality that comes over one, it may be in spring, or it may be in autumn, we are all perfectly well aware. So much has this periodic change impressed physiologists, that exact measurements of the times of the depression and exaltation have been attempted.

But the question of transference has not been so seriously studied, and yet that transference exists. It is within the common experience of all of us that conversation with some people is far more exhausting than with others, and that that exhaustion is not dependent on the time or manner of the conversation, but solely on the person conversed with. There has been a transfer of vitality in some way or other. When a child, tossed and wearied with sickness, can get no rest, what passes from the loved parent to that child, when the first sweet sleep comes as the little one's hand lies clasped in the parent's? No white or red corpuscles have gone over, yet the tide of ebbing life begins to rise. Other instances occur to one readily. We probably all of us know some man or woman, for whom we have unbounded respect, whose intellectual power is our admiration, and whose moral character is above suspicion, yet we are conscious of so serious a loss of vitality when visiting that person that we are capable of almost any kind of excuse to avoid a meeting and of escaping the depression which is sure to follow it. And we all of us probably know some other person whose inner life we should be sorry to have to investigate, and yet whose "breeziness," as we call it, invigorates us and leaves us with a higher vitality, therefore with more energy, and therefore with more power of doing work. Again there has been a transference, and it would seem to be independent of morals as well as of intellect.

One is always reluctant to drag in electricity either in explanation of, or by way of analogy to, phenomena, not because one is unaware of the apparently boundless possibilities of an "imperial" science, but because the term electricity has been so abused by the unthinking, and falls so glibly from the tongue as the right and efficient explanation of all things difficult of interpretation. Yet it must come in here, not that it is even in part a good and sufficient explanation of the phenomena of vitality, but because in that general continuity which seems to be the law of existence the analogies of the phenomena of vitality to the phenomena of electricity are very much like the analogies of these latter to the phenomena of the world as we know it in ordinary life. These, indeed, have something in common, but the conditions of the ordinary world of gravitation are not sufficient for the explanation of electrical phenomena; and so a new set of conditions has to be assumed, the existence of a perfectly elastic fluid apparently affording the only means of interpretation. This æther is independent of gravitation, and though the flow of electricity along a wire is connected with the wire, the flow is in the æther but not in the wire as we know the wire. The analogy to water-flow is therefore imperfect, but as in water-flow the movement is always from the higher to the lower level, so the electric flow is from a higher to a lower level of a different kind. Now, the flow of vitality in like manner is from a higher to a lower level, but as electricity demands a different meaning for the expression *difference of level*—for instance, zinc as such is, when in sulphuric acid, at a higher level than copper, whatever may be the size or shape of either the zinc or copper—so it is not unreasonable to suppose that in some way difference of vital level exists between people, and that that difference of level may possibly demand an assumption of an æther which is to the electrical æther what the electrical æther is to the world as we think we know it. Water flows, electricity flows, vitality flows, but the meaning of the flow is different in each case, yet the circumstances of any one may run into the circumstances of either of the others. The vitality which enables a man to raise his arm sends an electric current also along the nerves of the arm, while the arm itself is pulled up against the earth's gravity.

The passage from matter to spirit is probably not the jump some would have it to be, and whether matter be

simply one of the expressions of spirit, or spirit be discrete from matter, one would like to know more about that something which we call Vitality—which ebbs, which flows, which can be transferred, and whose departure from us produces the condition we call death.

π.

HYDE AND JEKYLL.

That some of us at least have distinct strata in our spiritual natures, so distinct that they are capable at times of being split into separate personalities, is no longer simply the dream of the far-seeing novelist, but has been endorsed by *savants* on both sides of the worshipful "silver streak."

That this discovery should tally with assertions and assumptions in the sacred Gospels written 1,800 years ago, is surely a triumph for revealed religion, and though people have taken upon themselves to declare that the days of demoniac possession were only those co-eval with the earthly life of the Divine Logos, yet there is no shadow of authority for this belief, while the deeds of horror which are of daily record point to the continued power of evil spirits as indwellers in mortal flesh.

Again, the student of character finds himself baffled at every turn, except for the theory of dual existences in one form, which comes to his aid. Here is a case in point. An individual who in private appears pious, conscientious, and benevolent, yet in a public capacity, as head of a large educational college, is made up of unscrupulous kingcraft. Tradesmen again, not a few, who are model husbands and fathers, and strictly fair in friendly dealings, are yet willing abettors of dishonest commercial tricks. Brewers, who draw their wealth from the drunkards' pockets, give back lavishly to mitigate the poverty they have made, and mill-owners, who grind the faces of their employés, are the first to start schemes of practical philanthropy.

Now the question is—Are all these people gross hypocrites? I incline to think otherwise, and that the headmaster, the tradesman, the brewer and the mill-owner are all demons to be exorcised, unless indeed, they can be proved to be only the stale remains of the old Adam ultimately to be converted by the Divine leaven already at work.

For besides the plurality of spirits existent in many men (as I hold), the integral being has layers within himself, so obtuse and impenetrable to the warmth of the Divine life that even St. Paul in an agony exclaims, "Wretched man that I am—who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He no doubt here refers to the pagan punishment of lashing a living man to a corpse, eyes to eyes, mouth to mouth, breast to breast, and it is noteworthy that he speaks of deliverance from the defunct being, not its ultimate regeneration; it is therefore presumable that even in noble specimens of humanity there may exist material to be cast away, not reclaimed.

It is not too much to assume that all my readers have met with enigmatical cases hitherto classified under the convenient but illogical title "inconsistencies of human nature." To say that two opposite qualities, as honesty and dishonesty, co-existing at the same time in one man, are inconsistent, is clearly a contradiction, for they *do* consist; and either they must belong to different strata of one personality or to distinct personalities. Anyhow, so long as they inhabit the same fleshly house it is idle to speak of relaxed responsibilities, for Mr. Jekyll will have to suffer for Mr. Hyde if Mr. Hyde sets the place on fire or otherwise misbehaves himself. Denizens even of the same world, the innocent have daily and hourly to suffer with and for the guilty; how much more when the corporate body is of so small dimensions as man's own little cosmos includes.

May not the posture of the Divine sonship in the soul of humanity have been prefigured by One who hung between two malefactors, the one reclaimable, the other irreclaimable, the one to be welcomed, the other to be cast out.

In conclusion, I venture to remind indulgent readers that the office of the Universal Church as indicated by her Head is not only to preach the Gospel, but also to heal the Sick, and cast out Devils—and surely in days which witness the doings of a Pearcey and a Bompard (typical cases apparently of possession following on epilepsy) it is time for the custom of exorcism to be revived, as the gifts of healing already have been in our midst. May not hypnotism be the destined agency to accomplish this end?

M.W.G.

PARIS GHOST TALES.

One sometimes extracts cheap fun from unlikely sources. How funny it is that all this ghost-lore should permeate as far as it does, and how still more funny it is that the average Philistine who writes the papers should know so little about it!

Few ghost stories are published in Paris either at Christmas or any other time, and if they were they would hardly find many readers, for the free and enlightened citizens of his capital, while always ready to be interested in the sensational, do not care overmuch for the supernatural. Some of the newspapers, nevertheless, are now endeavouring to entertain their customers by the relation of certain events of a weird character which have occurred in the country. In one case the supposed phantoms turned out to be persons of real flesh and blood, who, something after the fashion of Mrs. Girdling and her Shakers, lived for a while in a sort of forest near the town of Tournay in the Department of the Hautes-Pyrénées. The circumstances which led to the discovery of the hiding-place of the so-called "revenants" were of the customary blood-curdling character. Horrible noises were heard every night by peasants who dwelt on the borders of the wood, and it was for a time believed that the place was tenanted by witches. Then the dismal idea was entertained that the local burying-ground had given up its dead, and that the buried ones held meetings nightly amid the dark clumps of trees. At last the local authorities bestirred themselves; gendarmes were sent to search the wood, and after much hunting they tracked the alleged bogies to their rendezvous, which was in a copse. The persons who had given all this fright and trouble were four in number, three men and one woman. When arrested they looked more like savages than civilised beings, and gave incoherent replies to the questions of their captors. For several days after their arrest they refused to take any food or drink, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were brought round sufficiently to be able to give some idea to the magistrates before whom they were taken, of their antecedents. They proved to be three brothers and a sister from Barsac, in the Department of the Gironde. Believing that they were in the power of evil spirits, they sold all their property, and undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They arrived without resources in Palestine, whence they were sent to France by a Consul, and on landing the penniless palmers tramped as far as the Tournay wood, where they resolved to remain. In this place they had subsisted for several weeks on roots, herbs, and berries. These poor people have been well looked after since their arrest, and will be sent to their native place as soon as they have recovered from the effects of their privations.

There has already been much circumstantial evidence given about the other ghost story. Gendarmes have been sent to "shadow" the phantoms, but it turns out that the old soldiers were not only "shadowed" themselves, but two of them had practical and painful proof of the presence and contiguity of the bogies. The affair happened at Coray, near Quimper, in Brittany, which is the classic land of ghost lore and mystical legend, the inhabitants of nearly every other part of France being less inclined to believe in the weird. Coray boasts for a considerable time past of a haunted house to which slight reference has already been made. The further information supplied about the matter shows that the building is occupied by the Kerlaz family, whose shepherd boy Youennic was one night thrown violently out of his bed in the stable by unseen hands. Had Youennic been a full-grown man, it would be feasible to suppose that he had retired to slumber, stupefied by an overdose of the bad *eau-de-vie* drunk in such large quantities by the Breton farming and fishing folk, and that he had unceremoniously rolled out of his nocturnal resting-place. Youennic, however, is but thirteen years old, and has probably not yet been taught to imbibe potations of cheap spirit; more a female domestic who went to his assistance when he was flung on the floor was belaboured with a big stick, also by invisible hands. This thrashing was followed by a shower of stones, some of which fell through the roof of the stable. As usual, the gendarmes were summoned to the spot next day, and the Kerlaz family, being devout Catholics, requisitioned the services of the local parish priest and his holy water. It was in vain, however, that the gendarmes took

official stock of the house and of its inmates, and that the Curé sprinkled his *eau bénite*. Night after night stones were thrown, and the shepherd was knocked about—nay more, a brigadier of gendarmes, who was on the watch, had his pipe broken in his mouth by a missile flung at him, and one of his subordinates received a blow from an invisible fist in the face. After a careful investigation the gendarmes have testified officially to the presence of ghosts, and the members of the Kerlaz family have been exonerated from all suspicions of connivance at the nocturnal scandal, for it was supposed that they had raised the spirits on their own account, in order to save themselves from a threatened eviction, and to prevent their farm from passing into the hands of strangers. Thus the Coray case remains a mystery, and the only people who may be able to explain it are the Spiritualists. After the gendarmes have given evidence on the subject, there is no doubt in the minds of the inhabitants of the district about the presence of ghosts.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

"Wit and Wisdom" is responsible for an interview which has taken place recently with the Rev. A. W. Momerie, Professor at King's College. The Professor's views, if they are truly represented in this interview, seem, in point of heterodoxy, to go far beyond the statements which excited so much controversy in "Lux Mundi." We subjoin some of the more salient passages:—

THE BIBLE NOT INSPIRED.

"The Bible does not make the ghost of a vestige of claim to inspiration in the orthodox sense. All that is good and great in it is inspired. But the Bible is full of contradictions and inaccuracies which are not inspired, therefore it cannot be inspired as a whole. No educated man can honestly believe it is inspired in history or science. Huxley in science or Freeman in history is far more inspired. The inspiration of the Bible must be restricted to moral and spiritual matters, and even then it is as low at times as any book. I consider that 'In Memoriam' is in advance of St. John's Gospel, but 'In Memoriam' would never have existed if Christ or St. John had not first lived. Its best part, the power of suffering, is taken from St. John. Both the writers of 'Lux Mundi,' and Gladstone in his 'Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture,' admit the bad science and history of the Bible. Take the Bible at its best in philosophy and then it is only on a level with German criticism. St. Paul at times is quite up to Hegel. It is a mere question of degree and subject. All that is highest and best in us is inspired. 'Every good and perfect gift cometh from God.' I have this question of inspiration very much at heart. The false, although strictly orthodox, view of it has done true religion untold harm. As Hawthorne truly says, 'The reason why the mass of men fear God and at bottom dislike Him is because they distrust His heart.' But such a God is in reality no God, He is but a false imagination of ignorant men. If you attribute to God characteristics unworthy of a man, and incompatible with infinite and eternal love, you are worse enemies to the cause of real religion than the most virulent of open and professed atheists. That hateful phrase, 'God is a jealous God!' Think of Mary Cabot, in 'Gates Ajar,' despairingly crying out after her brother's death, 'God wants all his love. He is a jealous God. I am nothing any more to Roy.' But it is inspiration. We mustn't say anything against it !!!"

"MIRACLES" NOT MIRACULOUS.

"Hell is another word for punishment, which is a matter of experience. I, of course, do not acknowledge the orthodox hell. As regards miracles, I simply say that the whole trouble is explained thus: Miracles are seen by those who expect to see them. There is no reason to suppose that when a miracle occurred a violation of nature took place. Some of Christ's 'miracles,' such as those with the 'unclean spirits,' may have been akin to the modern hypnotism. The Evangelists were honest but ignorant. Remember, the unscientific mind looks upon the unusual—not the usual—as the special proof of God." The interviewer then asked, "Don't you believe Christ rose again?" Dr. Momerie replied: "Certainly not physically. Why, do you? Come, I shall have to interview you. All great religious teachers have had an immaculate conception, a physical resurrec-

tion—Gautama as well as Christ. But Christ did not rise in His body. Flesh and blood *cannot* inherit the Kingdom. It must be a spiritual resurrection."

CONDUCT VERSUS CREED.

"As regards the Church," continued Dr. Momerie in reply to further questions, "I can only say that I think the Christianity of Christ and of ecclesiasticism are as wide apart as the Poles. . . Christ did not wish to establish a religion of creed or of ritual, but of conduct. . . There are only two beliefs—*God* and *Immortality*—which are fundamental to goodness. Our destiny hereafter depends not on which we believe, but on our conduct. I wish the Church would realise that she must go forward with the times. Truth cannot be symbolised by a circle, but rather by an infinite line. . . The Church which insists solely upon righteousness is the only Church that will not pass away. The best creed in the world will never save a single soul."

NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

BY MISS F. J. THEOBALD.

XI.

[The message I now give was from the spirit of E., who passed on at the age of fifteen, but from birth had been an idiot. This is what is referred to. Her parents were with me at the time the message came, but we were looking for a communication from quite a different source:—]

E., your own most loving child! I come to thank you, my much loved papa and mamma, for all your help. I thank God that He gave me such parents. Ah, dears! my sad life on earth is fully recompensed for now, and it was very, very soon after I got freed from my weary body, that I came back to your circle, and have been frequently in your midst. You have, indeed, been training my undeveloped spirit. I mean thus—I had had no development of spirit-life whilst in the body. All that was dwarfed, but I was happy! Yes, your love reached me and made my path as smooth as it could be. And the lovely spirits came to me. But when I reached this home I was but as an infant crying for the light, and, as your medium would say, I rejoiced, for I came out of darkness into His Most Glorious Light. Oh, how dark were all the earthly surroundings in comparison. Yes, it was, it is, "Glorious Light!" I am by my dear brothers and sisters. We live on together. I revel in my home with you. Be cheered, even if clouds arise; they will but pass on and leave you stronger for the shadow. Keep up your loving trust in God. I am not very fitted to teach you, for you all rather teach me, and how you bring me into your spheres at the quiet hour of prayer! But of one thing I can assure you. I can tell you of the lovely home awaiting you; and I can assure you that this lovely spirit-home is far, far more real than you can in the least imagine. But all who wish to gain the best places in the Heavenly Homes must so walk on your earth as to earn the right to be there. . . .

[Little P. joined our "group" in the spirit-land, after only living in the earthly sphere four days. On the evening of the day that she had been taken, we sat *en séance*, receiving as follows from Grandpapa Morell:—]

The heavenly group rejoice in the advent of an addition to their home. I see them rejoicing around the sleeping form of your darling. She is in their midst. All day have they watched, and at last borne her sweet spirit away. It lies in a lovely cradle of flowery essence, and the canopy of Christ's glory shines over it. Your group are all around her, pouring their songs of love into the quiet calm air around. She will not wake yet to the spiritual glories. She has felt no pain. You do well to bow submissively. Let me bid you rejoice that you have another germ of spirit life to bloom in the Father's home of love!

[A few days afterwards came:—]

I have brought little P. with me to be with you all this evening, but she is still sleeping. She is a germ, very lovely, but not conscious of spirit-life. She lies in her lovely cradle of flowers, by which she is gaining strength in all ways.

[One of the children was drawing, and now said, "I wonder if Louisa can see me?" In reply was written:—]

Yes! I can see! I am standing behind little Nellie, and close to dear papa and mamma, and I am looking at you all.

[One evening we sat round the table to see if we could get any movement or tilts for the sake of a friend who was with us, and who had expressed a desire to see this phase of spirit manifestation. As no sign was given I took the pencil and asked whether we should have any table tilting? The reply was :—]

Yes, but not while the little ones are round, for they bring a different influence. Their loving group is here. We do not move tables. We want to tell them to be so loving to each other; to be very good, now that they are again at school. Tell them, every morning, when they rise, to say, "Dear Lord Jesus, help me to be a good child. Help me to say my lessons well, to be kind to my masters, and to help the other boys to be good too." They are little fellows, but they are able to influence other little fellows, and they may so begin their life on earth by helping the spiritual life of others.

[Asked "How are you all placed now?"]

Louisa has little P. in her arms, and is by mamma. Percy is nestling in papa's arms. I wish you could see him. He loved J. and knows she is here, and C. too. Nurse's little ones are by her. I can't use you much more.

[On another occasion we again hear of little P. :—]

We are all here, and have brought P. She sleeps as yet, in quiet peace, for she is such a little spirit germ, and we watch over her in love. She is now lying close to dearest mamma, for she is magnetically drawn to her, but she knows her not, or of anything yet. We are not separated from you. We form a group over you all, and we heard you read to them, dearest papa.

[We asked, "Can nurse see any of you? And do you know how to help her?"—]

Yes, when dark. We don't understand all the conditions, for we don't know much. Spirits have to learn, as well as people on earth. We do not know intuitively all things referring to sciences. Only all of God and His love we know, because we live in and by Him, and Christ teaches us of Him.

[Grandpapa announced his presence, and, in the course of his remarks, said :—]

We spirits have many difficulties to contend with, and this leads to much misapprehension, but truth will reign supreme over all. You think of me as a white-haired old man! If you could see me now, all signs of old age have gone, and I am younger to look at than you are.

(Signed) STEPHEN MORELL.

[When the children were at boarding-school, the following was given for us to send to them :—]

Let not the dear little ones ever be unmindful that the eyes of God and His good Spirits are always over them, watching them as they learn their lessons, and as they play with their little playfellows. And when they are loving and gentle, then does the bright chain of flowers which connects them bloom with an everlasting bloom, and pour into their little hearts true heavenly love that will make them good and loving, and then every one will love them. We, their little group, ask you, dear Aunt Fanny, to let them have this message when they come home on Saturday. We will try to come on Sunday.

CHINESE WITCHES AND SPELLS.

Ladies who for reasons such as incompatibility of temper find themselves not on speaking terms with their husbands, may peruse with interest the case of a Chinese young woman who brought magic to bear on her husband. Here is the case as from the "Kuang Pao" :—On examination, a picture of three tigers' heads and the character *Jen*, "man," in vermilion is found under the mattress, and some slices of pork and a doll tied up with red and green string are found under the bed, and an iron hook is also discovered in a censer. The wife confesses that this is a potent spell to get rid of disagreeable husbands, taught her by a nun, but consents to remove the spell, which is done by offering a sacrifice of twenty-six eggs, fruit, and wine, burning paper hats, and finally beating the bed thirty-six blows with willow twigs dipped in the blood of a black puppy. As thirty other girls are said to have been initiated by the nun, it is well to make the counterspell widely known.—("Pall Mall Gazette.")

THE soul is formed of finer elements, and its upward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance.—TACITUS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Why not Learn from Swedenborg? I

SIR,—I am not yet admitted to the unseen world, where three months ago I expected very soon to be; but during my reprieve in a bedroom "house of detention" such little force as remains to me harps upon the old string. Why do not readers of "LIGHT" who discuss the perplexing anomalies of spirit-manifestations, learn from the one great Spiritualist, who a century ago had noted many of these, and given large measures of explanation of just those that puzzle us now? It is not as if the works of Swedenborg were expensive. In comparison to their worth they are sold at a price almost nominal. I am moved to fatigue you with old pertinacity, when only able to write by dictation, and too ill to finish a longer letter begun many days ago, because the puzzle now under consideration in "LIGHT" (the seeming materialisation of living mortals in the presence of one who had their photographs in his pocket) seems to me to have abundant inferential answer in the "Spiritual Diary." But those four volumes may not be thought cheap by readers who do not concur in a saying of Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson's, which I wrote on the fly-leaf of my copy of Vol. I., quoting from a letter of his, "*Immeasurable wisdom lies in it.*" [So I believe.]

Would it not be a helpful charity to have the first ten pages of Vol. I. from Par. 1 to Par. 149 printed in a pamphlet form, to serve as a kind of elementary lesson to people who really wish to think intelligently, rather than to talk and write wonderingly, of spiritual phenomena? Those few pages alone answer many questions. Ten minutes ago I took up that volume to look for some quite other passage in it, and this opening of the mine impressed me afresh so strongly that you once more receive my old cry—Why do not Spiritualists study Swedenborg more than it seems they do?

December 22nd.

A. J. PENNY.

[When we anticipated our friend's removal to another and a better place, it was by reason of the panic that the news of her grave illness caused us. The longer she can stay with us the better all her friends will be pleased. When she leaves us we shall be sorry and she will be glad, and meantime our hearty good wishes.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Materialised Forms. I

SIR,—To those who believe in God every soul is the result of thought; and however man comes into phenomenal life, he has, we believe, a soul. Therefore, the power to think out a soul, and more, to endow it with fluidic life, and still more, to materialise it, though the thought is but suggested by a photograph, to have the power not only to give it form, like moulded jelly from a jelly-bag, but to endow that form with life, voice, and understanding, which are to be as quickly dissipated for ever, like jelly put into a mouth, marks, to me, a stupendous, nay, a God-like, attribute, a creation.

No one can deny that a materialising spirit is himself an entity. If he be "such stuff as dreams are made of," jellified into a personality occasionally, he certainly does not "round it with a sleep." No, he is very wide awake, and very durable so far as we are able to see. As your correspondent "G. A. K." remarks, in "LIGHT" of December 13th: "It is worth emphasising that no one who has seen or even read of materialisations is likely to doubt that the entities concerned are sentient, intelligent beings, apparently human, and not mere automatic machines."

If modern materialisation is the last grand spiritual phenomenon afforded to mankind, it is, perhaps, the most important, because it brings to the ordinary mind, by sight and touch, the sense first appreciated by the clairvoyant of other-world beings, making it obvious to the ordinary mind that clairvoyance may be, or must be, a truth, and that death does not kill. And as clairaudience, the other great means whereby communication between the two worlds has always been maintained, was clenched as a fact by its correspondent, the direct voice, so clairvoyance has been presented as a truth to the common observer of the present day by materialisation, the correspondent of clairvoyance. Neither of these wondrous phenomena were rare events in days gone by, as we read in ancient lore, in Homer especially, as well as in the Bible. Spiritualists of the present day have been now sufficiently long acquainted with these phenomena for some of them to have partly lost the sense

of their significance, which seems a pity. There is no doubt that the frauds of false materialisation have had much to do with this loss of sympathy; but such cannot be said of the direct voice to any great degree, and one is as useful, to say the least, as the other, and both, we agree, have been proved as genuine over and over again, and both are of constant recurrence. The ordinary parrot cry of the sceptics, and there are many in the present day, is "Miracles cannot happen." I know nothing but Spiritualism that can show that what ordinary people call miracles do happen, and that very frequently, in the present day, and by the violation in no way of the laws of nature; and surely the direct voice and a real materialisation of any sort are very wonderful things, and we ourselves all thought so when they first occurred.

That photographs may have assisted materialisation in producing evidence of supposed identity does not appear to me as quite a novelty. We know that the ordinary spirit-photograph is produced by what may be called semi-materialisation of a spirit, i.e., materialisation sufficient to be reflected on sensitised collodion, but not sufficient to be seen by the naked eye. People were in the habit of taking photographs to a spirit photographer in Paris named Bugnet, and satisfactory likenesses of those pictures would appear, as was said, on the plates. I have one or two of these in my possession. I have also a photograph, by Mr. Hudson, of a lady of fortune, once well-known among Spiritualists. With that lady is the alleged spirit form of her daughter. In this photograph there is an extraordinary likeness between the living mother and the deceased daughter. By the lady's side is a picture, apparently a photograph. These ordinary spirit-photographs, inasmuch as they are produced from an unseen source, are quite different from those taken of fully materialised spirits, by limelight, such as that of "Katey King," whose fully materialised form appears leaning on the arm of Mr. Crookes, a specimen of which I have in my possession; or of Mr. Eglington, fainting, and held up by a fully materialised spirit form, also taken by limelight, as published in "LIGHT"; and more wonderful still, the fully materialised form of the spirit "Cissy," taken in full daylight, standing by her medium, Mrs. Mellon, who withdrew the curtain of an extemporised cabinet. The photograph was taken four times, and the spirit bore the full light three times, for three seconds at each exposure. These fully materialised forms cannot bear much light. The eyes of Katey King, while her arm is leaning on the arm of Mr. Crookes, are shut. But Katey King was able to keep her eyes open for a short time even in the bright limelight, as I have another photograph of her, taken at Mr. Crookes's, in the glare of limelight, in which her eyes are open. It appears that in the fourth exposure with "Cissy," a stronger light was thrown upon her, which she could not bear, so she hid her eyes behind the curtain.

AN OBSERVER.

On Materialisations.

SIR,—With reference to the letter of "R. Donaldson" (December 20th), he says, "When persons are materialised who are unknown to any in the circle, then it is the picture reflected from the mind of a person who is in the spirit world."

This recalls to my mind a remarkable séance at which I was present about nine or ten years or so ago, conducted by Mrs. Hollis Billing. A picture was shown on the curtain of the room, which was fully recognised by me and unexpected—no one else knew it. Of course it was dormant in my mind, but "Ski" said it was in this case a reflection materialised on the sense atmosphere, by the will of the person whose likeness was reflected—a kind of living photograph projected under favourable circumstances. It had the effect of a sort of magic lantern life-sized portrait. "Ski" said in the distant future people in the spirit world would be able, under favourable circumstances, such as those prepared by Occultists, to project their portraits like living and life-sized photographs on the earth's atmosphere, the air of the senses, for their relatives on earth.

I may mention that the reflection I saw was that of a relative who had passed away to the spirit world some years ago in Egypt, and who was quite unknown to any one present but myself.

I feel much disposed to agree with Mr. Donaldson's conjecture regarding the power of the will employed in the circle: the dominant one fashioning the personality of the materialis-

ing spirit; passivity on the part of the circle or an agreement of will being necessary for definite results.

This theory appears to me consonant with the teaching of Occult science on these matters.

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

[It is not worth while to argue now, but it is important to note at once that Materialisation is not "the last grand spiritual phenomenon afforded to mankind." It is not "spiritual" at all, being purely material. Let us clear our thoughts and distinguish between Spiritualist and Spiritual. There are many things properly called Spiritualistic or Spiritualist which have nothing spiritual about them. And surely there is an enormous difference between a photograph of a person—should I call it a shade?—and an actual, breathing, apparently living body. How is that body built up? It does not enlighten me a bit to tell me that photographs of shades are taken. Where does the flesh and blood come from?—ED. "LIGHT."]

Re-incarnation.

SIR,—With your permission, and guided by the works of Kardec, I will endeavour to complete my answer to the letter of "T. S.," of August 16th.

"T. S." says: "If we have each had a plurality of lives, we ought surely to know something about it. It is a question of fact, of individual experience, and should be capable of proof." Surely so positive an assertion, clashing with facts daily revealed to the student of psychics, denotes a too exclusive point of view. In certain adaptations, the good old rule that two and two are four, ergo, four and four make eight, is not always infallible. The faculty of memory is a mystery. He whose leg is amputated under the influence of chloroform is an example that in some conditions memory is neutralised. An important hour of life is a blank, and the only proof to the patient of what has occurred is the fact that his leg is missing. The inner man may be perfectly cognisant of the details; but the telegraph was interrupted, the telegram not delivered. So in the depths of our inner selves may we know something, perhaps much, of past existences, but seldom, if ever, can this knowledge directly penetrate to the surface. To improve, God has given us the strictly necessary, the voice of conscience and instinctive tendencies, and the wisdom that governs all may not be questioned too closely or positively simply because we cannot understand. A plurality of lives may be "a question of fact and individual experience," but the utility of a distinct remembrance can be questioned; indeed very many reasons might be cited to prove that such memory would be fatal to present progress, that without unshackled independence and perfect liberty of action all effort would be without merit.

Did we possess the *souvenir* of past actions, we should equally retain that of the actions of others, and this would certainly cause strange discord in social relations. In certain cases memory would bring cruel humiliations, in others pride would be exalted and progress retarded. The past may hide much that would cause present confusion and shame; it is fortunate that a veil should hide it. But if man ignores the details of past existence, if for wise purposes each life appears unique, he may yet, by the study of self, form a tolerably correct idea of former dominant traits of character and the nature of his faults, virtues, and acquirements; he may, in short, judge what he has been, not by what he is, but by present intuition and tendencies.

"T. S." also says: "There would be no lost arts, re-incarnated scholars and scientists would be born *savans*." For many reasons, this again appears to be an unwarrantable conclusion, as it is evident that "scholars and scientists" could not possibly be born in possession of the full vigour of former acquirements. Intuition and tendencies are often remarkably and significantly evident in very early life, but it does not follow that an infant will at once manifest the qualities of the adult. Character, intelligence, and all faculties can necessarily only gradually be developed with the organs which serve as the transmitting agents. In disincarnated intervals the spirit, free to reflect, subject to entirely new influences, probably perceives with greater lucidity that the avenues to progress are infinite, and consequently may resolve to employ future energy in a new direction. Intellectual and spiritual progress is not always simultaneous; a man may be very intelligent and yet

profoundly vicious. In one period we may advance in science, in another in morality. In all, the faculties previously developed will persist, but in some they may lie latent for a time while others hitherto neglected are cultivated. The "Plato" of a former age may not be directly recognisable; he may in the interval have been incarnated in other worlds suitable to his condition, and now brings modified or changed ideas. The present material envelope may be imperfect and an obstacle to the free manifestation of acquired faculties. Intelligence may be temporarily obscured in one existence as a punishment for its abuse in a preceding, as in the case of idiots. But all this in no way destroys the theory that "nothing acquired is lost" or that "we recommence at the point before attained," and perhaps unconsciously we are in daily contact with a Kepler, a Newton, or a Shakespeare, re-incarnated in the men of genius who from time to time astonish and dazzle the world.

EXCELSIOR.

Rio de Janeiro, November 28th, 1890.

[The correspondence, already too long, must now cease. There is no reason for rejoinder.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

The Relation of the Soul to the Body

SIR,—I have been surprised that no comments have been made in "LIGHT" upon the *method* whereby the first European pioneer of Spiritualism of this century alleged—according to the teaching of spirits—that the soul enters the body. In "LIGHT," for November 29th, I quoted from a book called "*La Doctrine Celeste de notre Seigneur Jésus Christ*" (a book which I obtained through the kind courtesy of the editor of "LIGHT," published as early as 1839) the following:—"The body is not the soul and the soul is not the body. The body comes from the union of two beings, male and female, in the natural way; but the body conceived in the womb of woman is not inhabited by a soul; for man, according to the wisdom of the Almighty and by the natural order of things, is, by the will of God, creator of the body of the child; but God alone is creator of the soul, and the soul, of which God is the Father, only takes possession of the body of which man is the father *at the moment when the earthly body is born.*"

The reason why I am surprised that no notice of the above passage has been taken in "LIGHT" is because it appears to me that those who can make up their minds to believe it would see that it does away with the quarrel that has been so long going on between the partisans of Heredity and the partisans of Re-incarnation. It gives to man the whole duty of the production of man's body, and to God the whole duty of the production and replacement of the soul.

What seems curious is that the author of this book, the first pronounced European medium of this and the last century, was, I believe, no less a person than the rightful King of France, the legitimate descendant of St. Louis and Henri Quatre; who, under the title of Duc de Normandie, published this book in both French and English in the year named. From undoubted testimony fully believed by a vast number of Frenchmen in the present day, he was no less a person than the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who escaped from the Temple Prison in Paris in 1795; fled to Rome, and was under the protection of the Pope, Pius VI., until Napoleon conquered Italy. Finding the boy in the way of his own ambition, Napoleon kept him in solitary confinement—he was too superstitious to murder him—until 1808, when he escaped from durance at Vincennes, through the machinations of the Empress Josephine. Thither he fled to Berlin, and by the advice of the Prussian Government, through the head of the police, he kept his birth a secret, because they were as afraid of Napoleon as he was. The course of events put the unscrupulous Louis XVIII. on the throne, although he knew well that his nephew was in existence. And it was not until the time of Louis Philippe, that Louis XVII. dared to claim his Royalty in the law courts of Paris. For doing this Louis Philippe stopped the law suit, and at once banished the Prince to England, in 1836; and it was during the residence of the Duc de Normandie in England that he wrote the above mentioned book, under spirit guidance, as well as other books from the same source.

I said in my letter of November 29th that the Duc de Normandie was not only the first notable European medium,

but the first to moot the subject of Re-incarnation in the present century. It is astonishing how many men of talent have a tendency in that direction in the present day. You have pointed out, in some numbers of "LIGHT," that Mr. Samuel Laing is a man of talent. Here is an extract from his book, published in 1888, called a "*Modern Zoroastrian*." Alluding (p. 161) to the following words of the chief priest of the Shin sect of the Buddhists at Kioto, Japan: "Sickness and suffering in this life are for wrong done in another life," Mr. Laing remarks: "We may not accept this unproved theory of the cause of sickness and suffering, but it is very interesting to find that candid and intelligent minds, brought up in a society and religious beliefs so widely different from our own, have arrived practically at the same conclusions as John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and other leaders of advanced thought in modern Europe."

Here is an interesting passage from "*La Doctrine Celeste*," for which you may kindly find space. 'Why,' asked I of the Angel, 'does the merciful God make choice of me?—of me who am the poorest in spirit?—of me, who know nothing, and am persecuted by enemies powerful on earth, and who certainly, on account of my misfortunes, will not believe that which thou and the other angel have said to me hitherto?'

"'It is exactly by thy misfortunes,' answered the Angel to me, 'that thou hast found grace before the Almighty; it is on account of thy unheard of sufferings that thou hast been chosen by the wisdom of God for the instrument of His justice. . . . Thou hast lost, by the death of thy parents, what the people of the earth call wealth and power; but the wisdom of God has saved thee, for if thou hadst always been near a throne the magnificence of which loses so many souls, through the perfidy of those who surround it, thou wouldst have been the one of thy race that would have done the greatest harm, surpassing in it all the rest, thy predecessors.'"

Marie Antoinette, in describing her son to a new governess, speaks of him as a very impulsive, self-willed child, from whom the word "pardon" could never be obtained.

T. W.

WORDS MOST WELCOME.

With the greetings of the New Year, accompanied by some very kind wishes to the Editor, this comes to us:—

Saviour Divine,
"Great is the mystery,"
Simple the history,
If THOU art mine!

* * * * *

Thus wondering the Soul puts forth her hand,
Feeling for God, Whom yet she cannot see,
Finds herself guided through the Shadow-Land,
Into the Light of the Eternity.

The old, old story! Hear it yet again.
It comes a glad new song this Christmas Morn,
Our quickened senses catch the sweet refrain,
If in our heart The CHRIST of God be born.

Yes, "Peace on Earth to men who will the good."
That is the Angel-Song e'en for this hour.
This Christmas Day we pledge His Brotherhood;
HE is the Bond. HE is our Peace and Power!

Spirit Divine,
"Great is the mystery,"
Simple the history,
For we are THINE!

December 24th, 1890.

E. J. B.

TO UR READERS.

The Editor regrets that he is unable to reply to many correspondents. The severe cold has prejudicially affected his health. Any literary help will now be very opportune.

I CAN never be persuaded that the soul lives no longer than it dwells in the mortal body, and that it dies on separation. For I see that the soul communicates vigour and motion to mortal bodies during its continuance in them.—CYRUS, King of Persia.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., service; at 7 p.m., Mr. R. J. Lees, "The Doctrine of Justification by Faith."—J. VEITCH, Hon. Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last our platform was occupied by Mr. Lees, who gave a reading first and then a powerful address on the text, "Be strong and quit yourselves like men, &c." Next Sunday, Mrs. Spring.—GEO. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

ENDYONIC SOCIETY, 16, QUEEN'S PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—On Sunday next, January 4th, meetings will be held at 3.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. Messrs. A. M. Rodger and J. Hopcroft, with other friends, will attend. Social tea at 5.30 p.m., tickets 6d. each. In order that suitable provision may be made, friends coming to tea will oblige by sending post card to U. W. Goddard at above address. A cordial invitation to all.—U. W. G.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, SEYMOUR CLUB, 4, BRYANSTON-PLACE, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., we recommence our lectures. I shall read a paper on Re-incarnation, reviewing the controversy up to the present date, and replying to Mr. Shorter. On the following Sunday Miss Rowan Vincent will give clairvoyant tests, and on January 18th I shall deliver a lecture on "The Two Foes to Spiritual Religion, viz., Roman Catholicism and Puritanism."—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. W. E. Long, séance; at 6.30 p.m., Messrs. Drake and Wortley. A "New Year's" tea will be held in this hall at five o'clock, tickets 6d. The healing meetings have been resumed. Mr. Coote officiated at a circle on Sunday morning, and Mr. W. G. Killik favoured us with a reading at the evening service. We were thrown upon our own resources owing to the illness of our engaged speaker.—W.T.R.

MARYLEBONE, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—At the usual quarterly meeting, Mr. Green presiding, the secretary read the minutes of the previous quarterly meeting and balance-sheet, showing a gain on the term of £3 1s. 5d., there being a balance of £2 0s. 1½d. in the treasurer's hands. The secretary and treasurer were re-elected, and Messrs. Green, Claxton, and Hopcroft, Mesdames Treadwell, Stibbet, and Peddle were elected as the committee. Mrs. Treadwell and Mr. Hopcroft delivered short addresses bearing on individual responsibility. Members are reminded that their subscriptions are now due. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Vango, healing and clairvoyance; 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m. Mr. Hancock; Monday, social at 8 p.m.; Thursday, 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell; Saturday, 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Our séances are attended with good results, many of our members showing unmistakable signs of mediumship. Our Wednesday's circle was a great success, Mrs. Mason being the medium, and several spirit friends paid us a fraternal visit to cheer us in our work at our new branch rooms at 1, Lawn-terrace, North End-road, West Kensington. At our Sunday service we had a good meeting, Mr. Towns recounting some of his experiences, assisted by his son, Mr. H. Towns, who described spirit friends present. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m. Mr. J. Hopcroft, trance. Our Lyceum children's tea party will take place on Monday, January 12th, at Stephenson Hall, Cambridge-road, Hammersmith. Tickets 6d., including tea 1s., for adults. We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following donations:—Mr. W. Whitley, 5s.; Mr. Mason, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Pullman, 2s. 6d.; Miss Lilly Nemo, 2s. May we appeal to the generous friends of our cause for aid at this festive season? Tickets may be had of Mr. Chance, 1, Lawn-terrace, North End-road, West Kensington; Mrs. Cusden, 11, Overstone-road, Hammersmith; Mr. Mason, 14, Orchard-road, Shepherd's Bush; or the members.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mr. Stalnton Moses begs to ask that private letters may be sent to him at 30, St. Peter's, Bedford; or at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, S.W.; and business letters to the Editor of "Light," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. It will save much trouble if no letters intended for the Manager are addressed to the Editor, or sent to his private address.

The Editor finds that he is giving a disproportionate amount of time to the mechanical work of preparing ill-written manuscripts for the printer. He begs to say that he cannot continue to do so. MSS. must be ready for press when sent, or will be declined. They must be written on one side only of the paper, properly punctuated, and clearly written. It is imperative that this instruction be attended to, for the correspondence in "Light" is now so large that the Editor cannot possibly undertake to revise it all. Contributors also are earnestly requested to revise their copy and see that it is ready for the printer's hands. A little attention in this way will save much trouble and expense.

"THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH."

When the frozen moon hung high
In the purple Syrian sky,
Where the patient cattle lay
On the tossed and trodden hay,
Christ our King from realms afar
To our pale, distracted star,
Dim with shadow, torn with strife,
Drew near streams of love and life,
In a quickening, quivering chain,
Linking man to God again.

Powers of night and beasts of prey
Shrank and shunned the dawning day,
Shades in Hades—lost—forlorn,
Saw the star when He was born;
Elemental sprites at play
Fluttered in the rosy ray;
Unborn souls with instant thrill,
Owned the magic of His will;
Captives in hell's dark domain,
Felt a slackening of the chain.

O'er the troubled mind of man,
Fallen from the perfect plan;
Soaring soul—unstable will—
Wavering between good and ill;
O'er its passion and its pain
God Himself came down to reign;
Came to flesh th' Incarnate Word;
Blind men saw, and deaf men heard;
God's light shone in earthly skies,
God's love looked through human eyes.

Dim and dark the present hour,
Still His Kingdom comes with power,
When a soul at war within,
Casts down self, and conquers sin;
To that heart, alone and chill,
Comes a warm, compelling will;
To that spirit sore distressed,
Comes a new, immortal guest;
In that night of woe and pain,
Christ the Lord is born again.

M. L. HANKIN.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS'S NEW MONTHLY,
THE COMING DAY,
THREEPENCE.

London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE, and all Booksellers.

THE COMING DAY will advocate the Religion of Humanity, based on the Permanent Foundations of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

THE COMING DAY will read the word "Religion" in the light of the word "Humanity," and its subjects will therefore take a wide range, dealing not only with the Church, but with the State and the Home. Above all things, it will plead for the faith that the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," stands for a great practical week-day reality, and not for a Sunday dream.

THE COMING DAY will be useful as a help to the perplexed, the doubting, and the spiritually homeless. There are many such, more to-day than ever. In all the churches, many feel the pressure of burdensome traditions; while outside of all churches, multitudes, in self-defence, are drifting towards agnosticism.

THE COMING DAY will help these by showing them that religion belongs to Humanity, not to the priests—to streets and homes, not only to churches and altars—to reason and conscience, and not only to belief—that it is love, and peace, and joy, in a holy spirit, and is as independent of creeds and rituals and rites as the blue sky is independent of the lake—or the puddle—that tries to reflect it.

THE COMING DAY ought to be easily obtained through any bookseller (on giving the names of the London publishers); but experience has shown that it is necessary to arrange for the transmission of such a magazine through the post. Those, therefore, who wish to have it forwarded, may order direct from FRANK HOPPS, New-walk, Leicester. One copy will be regularly sent for a year for 3s. 6d.; two for 6s.; four for 10s.; ten for £1. All post free.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.
2, DUKE-STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

This Society of Spiritualists, founded for the purpose, primarily, of uniting those who share a common faith, and then of giving information respecting that faith to those who seek for it, has now occupied Chambers at the above address. There will be found an extensive Library of works especially attractive to Spiritualists, the various Journals of Spiritualism published in this and other countries; and opportunities of converse with friends like-minded. The Alliance holds periodical meetings at which papers on interesting phases of the subject are read, and discussion is invited. Donations solicited.

[One or more Members of Council attend on Tuesday evenings in each week, from Five to Seven (excepting on the Second Tuesday in each Month, when the hour is from Six to Seven) to receive friends and answer inquiries.]

Minimum Annual Subscription of Members and Associates, One Guinea, payable in advance, and on the 1st January in each year. Further particulars may be obtained from B. D. GODFREY, Librarian, on the premises.